

Gemini

In big room with deity beyond all ability of human
soul or mind and it seems so
very Homo sapiens but far too syllabic aerial
to be anything that way and instead more quasi-quantum in
layers and force spiraling über levels above all yet relaxed ever casual
like the sitting handsome male dressed Brunello Cucinelli
jeans, and peppery puffy Vicuña silver wool sweater with sockless
shoes of black and black, a male with such
gentle outward appearance it
fools mortals to think such a fabulous nature is just like they, but
how wrong and how silly that is because the being is not we at all,
and closer to “God” or whatever or so, a
picture-blade majesty dealing proof and stuff the way “it” thinks, which is
at all ultra times in mega-multiple high balcony
serrated grid near infinite depth and a
spread of a borderline “dimension 4” thing while
crossing tall years in mere waterfall fraction while it
sits there, in lovely jeans
and shoes and silver sweater and smiles and seems
so like us, as said before, and
near to us, and to keep us from
knowing we’re really just nothing
but protein and fatty neon goo-goo in veggie-like
prison
sometimes in planes that are cool and zoomy
but simply just planes so
blank
and useful, with pilot protozoans in catalogue hats
making tap tap tap to
iPhone
— oh wait the Pixel 10 for
sure.